

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Cour. Of *Laertes*?

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir; yet in faith if you did it would not much approve me: well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wager'd with him sixe *Barbery* horses, against the which he has impawn'd as I take it sixe *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger, and so: three of the carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Cour. The carriages sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, sixe *Barbery* horses against sixe *French* swords, their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke here in the hall, if it please his Majestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame and the odde hits.

Cour.

Prince of Denmark

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after

Cour. I commend my duty to

Ham. Yours does well to c
tongues else for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs av

Ham. A did so sir with his du
& many more of the same breed
on, onely got the tune of the tin
ter, a kinde of misty collection
through the most profane and tr
blow them to their triall, the bu

Enter

Lord. My Lord, his Majestie
Ostricke, who brings back to hi
he sends to know if your pleasur
you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my p
pleasure; if his fittest speaks, n
provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you
to *Laertes* before you goe to pl

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hora. You will lose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, sin
in continuall practice; I shall w
think how ill all's here about m

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but i
would perhaps trouble a woman

Hora. If your mind dislike
their repaire hither, and say you

Ham. Not a whit, we desie Aug
in the fall of a Sparrow: if it be
come, it will be now; if it be no
nesse is all, since no man of ou